









## THE ANGEL CHIMES.

### A CHRISTMAS STORY.

#### CHAPTER I.

Arknminster was a quaint little village somewhere in England. It was very still, for few vehicles seemed to pass through its long High street, where the grass grew in pert green tufts between old paving. Very quiet, for the inhabitants seemed to live very much in their homes, and the gentle gossip that went on between the women, old and young, generally took place within doors.

There was a little old-fashioned inn, with its swinging sign of a "White Goat," and in the bow window generally were seen flowers and ferns kept in great order by the innkeeper's daughter. The "White Goat" was at one end of the village, and at the other the green, just off the churchyard.

Arknminster was some miles from a railway station, and the tourists who invaded its sleepy quietness were few and far between. Some, however, came and strolled through the peaceful streets, and with its old monuments, and admired the stone, that seemed to guard the chancel. Then the old white-haired verged told them that the church was called Angel Church, which was dedicated to the angels, or called so because of the old carvings, no one knew. Then the tourists generally went to the inn, and when regaled with some country fare, they inquired about the place, and the more facetiously inclined quizzed the innkeeper's daughter. Little Lintine, as she was called, was the name of the village. They called her so because of the angel carvings, no one knew. Then the tourists generally went to the inn, and when regaled with some country fare, they inquired about the place, and the more facetiously inclined quizzed the innkeeper's daughter. Little Lintine, as she was called, was the name of the village. They called her so because of the angel carvings, no one knew.

Years ago—it does not matter how many—June Lintine was sitting in the back parlor window of the "White Goat," one autumn day. June was 19 years old, small and fragile, with little white hands, small feet, and the loveliest wavy hair imaginable, wound closely round her head. Wind it as she might, however, she could not keep it straight, and it would go off into little curling rings and soft, fluffy waves over her white forehead. The face was rather a child's than a woman's face, with its sweet expression and its innocent gleam, and altogether her queer name, given as a fancy of her father's because she was born on the 1st of June, seemed to suit her. The day that June came to this world her mother, the first love of the grave old Master Lintine, left it. Not as he had hoped from that day, his June was all his care. On her he lavished much tender affection, shown in his own peculiar way. In her life his own was bound up. She was well educated and refined far more than could be expected of a country girl, and her daughter, June, was one of nature's gentlewomen, and a dainty traveler who came in to rest that autumn afternoon quickly decided that she was that very thing.

Generally June's little parlor was never invaded, but that afternoon there had been the Michaelmas Fair, and the common room was full of farmers, who sat over their supper, discussing in high tones, and talking more loudly than an outsider would care to overhear, the benefits of the common room. Mr. Lintine had arrived with his daughter, and his back, and said with all looked that he was weary. Mr. Lintine had told Sam, the lame boy and general factotum of the "White Goat," to show him into the back parlor.

June Lintine thought June was out, but even had he been aware that she was there he would not have made any difference. "I beg your pardon—I hope I am not disturbing you," said Mr. Durefoy, raising his hat as he entered, and June rose, standing in the doorway with her hands clasped, and her face as white as paper, to a face he thought worthy of one of Fra Angelico's angels.

"Not at all," said June, quietly, stooping to pick up her work which had dropped when she got up. "No, sir, you have asked for all you want."

"I have," said Mr. Durefoy, and Sam disappeared, while Mr. Durefoy took the center table, and then proceeded to unfurl his knickerbockers. As he did so he glanced at his back, and said with a queer mimic in every way.

The walls were painted pale gray, and facing the window were the two inevitable pictures so closely associated with English mans and lodgings—houses of Vesuvius, and an ordinary day and Vesuvius in a state of eruption. These were hung in black, and beneath them, in refreshing contrast, were hung little brown pots filled with delicate ferns and wild flowers. There were flowers all over the room, and a little dainty device in the way of brackets and needlework well arranged. All this was June's taste; the rest, the horsehair sofa, the tray on the sideboard with the green peacock with a red tail, the fragrant chintz cushions, were not to her taste.

There was in those ugly pieces of furniture, in those awkward looking chairs and hideous ornaments, a sacredness in the eyes of June. They had been her father's, his little Dorothea's own possessions, brought from the old Lincolnshire farmhouse where he had found her, and having fallen in love with her and she with him, he had married her. She had been fond of the room, and he associated her with them, and in his eyes they had a loveliness that nothing else could so well have supplied.

June went on with her work quietly, and not seeming in the least discomposed by the presence of the stranger. Suddenly, however, she raised her eyes and saw that Mr. Durefoy was looking at her, and, slightly flushed, she fixed her attention on her work.

But Mr. Durefoy, an artist, who loved beauty most passionately, had a longing to see the lovely eyes and hair, and he began a conversation when the refreshments that Sam brought him were disposed of.

"Quiet little place this," said Mr. Durefoy, pushing back his chair from the table. "Do you think so?" asked June, looking up with a twinkling and pretty smile, for at that moment a loud "haw haw" laugh from the noisy common room resounded more noisily than before.

"Well, I mean Arch—Arkn—what is the name of the place?"

"I have been wandering about all day in the neighborhood, sketching, and certainly when I came to Arknminster I thought it—"

"The most dead-and-alive place I ever saw," he was going to say, but politeness induced him to substitute the words, "a quiet place I was ever in."

"Did you see the church?" asked June.

"Yes, but it looked nothing very particular, so I did not trouble to go in. I am tired of churches," said Mr. Durefoy, "and I can't fancy any special attraction in that one."

"It's lovely," said June, enthusiastically, and Mr. Durefoy, to draw her out, said:

"What other churches have you ever seen?"

"Not many, it is true," said June, "but if I saw all the churches in the world—even St. Peter's which I long to see—I should still say that the Arknminster church was lovely."

"I declare I think I will go and see it," said Mr. Durefoy. "Where can I get the keys?"

"I have one key of it," said June. "Mrs. Bragge, the sexton's wife, sometimes is busy, and so I go and show people the church if they care to."

"Then I will show you to show it to me?" asked Mr. Durefoy.

June answered by reaching down a large, rusty key and putting on a big hat that hung just over the chair.

"We need not go over the church, from the front, as there is a path through the garden that leads to the churchyard," said June; and Mr. Durefoy followed her.

He was a tall man, of about 36. He had been a farmer's son, but had worked his way up, and had acquired an excellent education, could hold his own amongst men of nobler birth. He was thoroughly a gentleman, though no blue blood ran through his veins, and he had sufficient income to enable him to live the life of a gentleman, and he was a very good man. He thought himself a genius, but he was just moderately endowed with talent—that

was all. He was a good man, earnest and God-fearing. He had one great fault—and that was his pride.

But I have digressed, and we must follow him and June through the old-fashioned garden, to a wicket-gate to a wicket-gate leading to the churchyard.

#### CHAPTER II.

##### THE OLD, OLD STORY.

Mr. Durefoy walked in. The evening sun cast its slanting rays across his brown face. He had thin lips, half hidden by a thick brown mustache and beard, and deep gray eyes. He looked much more than his age, and he was not strikingly handsome. Still there was a charm about him that made June, as she stepped along a path worn through the graves, wonder if he was like Sir Galahad, or whether or not he wrote prose. It was utterly unlike any one she had ever seen before, and the refinement of manner, the low, modulated voice, the very accent of pure English, seemed to refresh her when contrasted with the few men she knew, rough farmers, whose ways, spite of their unobtrusive civility, carried a certain jar upon her. Her father was the exception; he, in his own way, was a gentleman, and June and he were alike in many things.

"Let me unlock the gate for you," said Mr. Durefoy, as he pushed the key into the lock of the porch-gate.

"Thank you, but I understand it. I think better than you can. It is not an easy key," said June. Then they went into the church. It was old, full of high horse-shoe arches, and the pillars were quaintly carved. But the chancel was lovely; and though Mr. Durefoy had traveled much, and seen all kinds of churches, he had to confess that June was right.

Up above the chancel was the Angel Choir—angels carved by hands now lying in the dust, unknown workers who had spent their best in making that chancel beautiful. Their names were unrecorded, but their work remained, and the angels, some with outstretched hands and grave faces, they seemed to have put their best work.

"The bells are called the Angel Chimes," whispered June, softly, as Mr. Durefoy looked and admired.

"Because the bells—the chimes, I mean—seem always to say, 'Peace on earth—goodwill to men.' I like the idea."

"So do I," said Mr. Durefoy; and just then the clock began.

"Don't they chime now?"

"Oh, no," the Angel Chimes are only rung at Christmas," said June. "But come, you must see the old knight's monument here." And June turned to the left. As she did so, her foot slipped, and she fell. "What is the matter?" said Mr. Durefoy, seeing her fall, and bending over her. June did not answer, and stooping down, he saw she had fainted.

"Here's a predicament!" said Mr. Durefoy to himself. "What am I to do?" He looked at the clock, and saw that it was half past four, and that the pain in her foot was so severe—for she had sprained it—that she seemed inclined to faint again.

Mr. Durefoy was not one to linger long in hesitation, so he carried her back to the "White Goat," and handed her over to his daughter. He had, as he informed the anxious father, been studying medicine once, and so knew enough about doctoring to be of some use.

He begged to stay at the "White Goat" for some little time, to sketch, as he said. He did sketch, certainly, but not landscapes. When June was well enough to come into the parlor, and lie on the sofa, and ask to see his sketches, he had not much to show her. Only the Angel Choir. He had drawn it, and he had drawn her, that up in his room were sheets on which were the same face—sketched from memory or when she was not looking—June's face.

It was the old, old story, forever old, forever new. He fell in love with her, she fell in love with him, and those days in the common little parlor, with the faithful pictures, and hideous china, were the happiest in Eric Durefoy's life.

He found out what a pure, lovely mind she had, how deeply religious she was; how all her heart was given to God, and how she tried to do His work, and serve Him in all things. He found her tastes esthetic, like his own, only she did not know many technical terms about art, and she simply an artist without knowing it. She loved him, he was her knight, her ideal of all that was good—and the happiest moment, happier than all that had gone before of June's young life, was when he told her of his love for her. Perfect trust on both sides, perfect faith in each other. Tastes congenial, and no quarrels, no quarrels, while still not monotonous. Each in love for the first time—it all seemed like a too happy time to come to this earth. They were perfectly and entirely happy, and the old man, Master Lintine, was happy too, for June's lovely face brightened him ever.

"You have never cared for any one before, darling, have you?" said Eric one day, as June, who was quite well now, was sitting at some homely work for her father.

"Never," said June; "why do you ask?"

"Because I want any your love, pet; I don't want to think any has been given to any one else."

"You believe me, Eric, don't you? You are my first and only love."

"Yes, I do," said Eric. "I have perfect faith in you, dearest, and so."

"There's a tallgram come for you, sir," said Sam, coming in hastily, "and there's five shillings to pay."

June turned white, for she was unaccustomed to telegrams, and the yellow envelope, so familiar now to us, sent a thrill of terror through her heart.

"My father?" said June.

"Yes, Eric, hastily. I must go to him," said Eric, hastily. And then he explained that his father, an old man, and his only surviving relative, was very ill, and he was summoned to go to him at once. He was now in Jersey, where he had some friends.

June looked very pale, as she helped him to get ready, and then came the parting, so sweet and sad, and poor June felt that all the sunshine had gone from her life.

The winter sunshine came in through the latticed window as the two stood there silently.

Eric's eyes had a world of love in them as he stepped from his tall height and held his little June to him, looking into her sweet face, and thinking how very lovely it was, how dear it was to him. They laid gone on day after day, never thinking that the time so like an idyl might come to an end. They had been busy, too, talking of Easter, when June and Eric were to be married, and of the pretty home they would have, with June's mother's help.

That was to be when they settled down after their travels, for Eric used to talk of taking June to Switzerland and Italy, and showing her all the lovely places he was so familiar with. It would be delightful to go there with her, to show it all to her.

But this news seemed to cast a shadow deeper than a parting for a short time would have been supposed to do. They were certainly very unhappy, both of them, and the tears would dim June's blue eyes as she looked up at the dear face and her quivering lips were met by his.

"We shall soon meet again, darling. My father may get better, and if he does I shall bring him here to see my June. Come, brighten up," said Eric, making an attempt at cheering June.

June could only shake her head, and then they parted sorrowfully, and June watched him drive away to the station.

The golden years of June's life seemed passed away, and yet June felt that she was foolish, for she had only lost him for a little while, and June turned back to her home duties and the monotony of daily cares, glad in her heart of hearts for the rich gift of earthly love, for Eric now, June had lost, and feeling that she was not worthy of such joy.

CHAPTER III.

HOPE DEFERRED.

Toward the end of the week June's face began to brighten, and Master Lintine, as he passed through the house, used to hear June's voice singing. Her heart was light, for she expected a letter from Eric now. Already, in imagination, she had opened

it, and was reading words she felt sure would be true—words of endearment so sweet and dear to hear.

"Father, God has been very good to me," said June, as she opened the letter, and she read, "My dear daughter, I have just received your letter, and I am so glad to hear from you. I am well, and hope you are the same. I am thinking of you very much, and of the time when we shall meet again. I am your father, Eric Durefoy."

"Ay, ay, lassie; He's good to us all," said Master Lintine, stroking the soft golden hair, and thinking how like her mother in "so little June" was, for she was "so little June" to him still.

"Can you always feel God is good?" June asked, after a pause.

"Yes, child, always," said Master Lintine, without hesitation.

"Even—even when He took mother away?"

"Even then I was sure, lass, He was doing right."

"I could not feel that if He took Eric from me, father," said June.

"Why think of it, lass? He is not likely," said the master, who never wasted his strength of mind in bearing troubles in advance.

"No, I hope not," said June, brightly, and then she went up to her little white room, hung around with photographs of the father and mother, and she walked every day to a man who got a daily paper to scan the columns in dread of seeing the report of some accident. None, however, met her eye, and no letter came. One day, in the list of deaths, she caught the name of Durefoy. It was a strange name; some of their ancestors had been French; and poor June's heart sank as she looked at it, and rose again when she saw it was the death of Eric's father. He had died in Jersey a week after Eric had left.

Poor June! She wrote to Jersey; but no answer came, and then her letters were returned from the Dead Letter Office.

So on the days died away, and Master Lintine, as he greeted his daughter on Christmas morning, saw how white her cheek was, how dark were the rings round her eyes. Still, she tried to look bright, and there were tokens of her thought for her father in the slippers she had worked for him, and the big silk handkerchiefs she had marked in a fancy of his name.

She resolutely refused to put her own bitter sorrow in the background, and fought hard to work, day after day, the same as usual. Often and often she told herself that she could bear it better if it were a more definite trial, for, for instance, she knew why Eric had left her that day; but the suspense, the waiting, the anxiety, Ah, none but those who have passed through a trial of the kind can know how sore it is: how it wears and frets out the very heart-strings of life; how it shadows over the horizon, still June never lost faith in him. She rose every morning hoping for a letter, and feeling light-hearted at the thought that that day might end her suspense. She would grow quite nervous about the post hour, and Eric's coming, and his letter, and his letter. She told herself she was not expecting that Eric was waiting for some good reason; but when the post passed and no letter came, she knew how much she had counted on it.

But "it was deferred maketh the heart sick," and as June knelt by her father's side on Christmas Day, it was with a very sad heart. The night before, the lovely chimes had fallen on her ear, just as of old, as she used to hear them, as a child, they had rung out her heart, and she had said to men, they seemed to say, and sweet words they were to the sorrowful girl. Yes, though earthly joy was gone, there was a joy in the blessed old Christmas story that nothing could take away.

Spring came, and it was no new life to June. The sorrow of Eric's treatment of her—his neglect—she never got over. She never lost trust in him, but still she fretted so that it took her away. One day Master Lintine took her to London to see a famous doctor.

The old countryman, with his rough coat and hairy features, in such marked contrast to the little white girl at his side, sat in the big dreary room, round which were leather-covered chairs, and they tried vainly to get the doctor to understand the papers on the table. Then June went in and told the great man, who was kind and gentle to her, and then asked to see her father alone.

"What do you think of my girl, eh, sir?" asked Master Lintine, his voice sounding harsh and loud in the large consulting-room.

The great man paused. Used as he was to scenes of sadness, he had not had the heart to tell June the truth, nor had she asked it, and now it was harder still to tell it to this old man, whose lips quivered, and whose love for his child was not to be hidden.

"She's not very bad, eh, sir?" repeated Master Lintine.

"Take her home, my good man. You will take care of her, I know; but there's no hope. She may live through the summer, but—"

Master Lintine stood for a moment, hearing no more of what the doctor said as he spoke on learnedly of technical terms, and Latin names, none of which reached his ears. Still, the old countryman did not desert him, and Master Lintine bowed silently to the doctor, and went back to where June sat quietly watching the passers-by in the gloomy street, feeling an older man by many years.

June asked no questions. She knew the truth, though the doctor fancied she did not. Life cannot be ebbing slowly away, and the owner of it not know it, and June felt it in every pulse and breath, that this was the last year she had upon this earth. She had loved him, and he loved her, and affection her father could show her. As she kissed her, tenderly as a woman, many a bitter thought came to him of angry resentment against the man who had caused this. June had no idea of it. She did not know how her father felt, and she did not inquire.

Only one summer evening, just at the end of August, as she lay spent with the exertion of having talked to one of her Sunday-school children, who came every day to her, she said to her father:

"If ever you see him—I forgive."

Her father made no reply, but in his heart he felt he could not forgive Eric.

September came, and one morning when he went to her, he found the blue eyes closed, but he never laid his hands on her, but never to undress again; the sweet mouth set in a lovely smile that would go with her to the grave. And Master Lintine, kneeling by the bed and holding the cold hand in his, looking at the marble face with its soft smiling of the dead, felt that he could not forgive him who had done all this, who had quenched the young life that was so much to him.

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# THIS MORNING'S NEWS.

In New York yesterday Government bonds were quoted at 122½ for 4s of 1907; 112½ for 4½s; sterling, \$1 81½; 85½; 101¼ for 3s; silver bars, 107½.

Silver in London, 49¼d; consols, 99 13-16d; 5 per cent. United States bonds, extended, 105; 4s, 123¼; 4½s, 116½.

In San Francisco Mexican dollars are quoted at 87½ cents.

The general tone of the market was weaker in San Francisco yesterday. Hale & Norcross was suddenly depressed to \$3 75, with sales of only 800 shares. Chollar dropped to \$2 55, and Savage to \$1 70. The north-end stocks were best sustained. As a rule, the outside stocks were steady and firm.

In Fresno, Utah, John Galvin shot and fatally wounded John Thomas.

The roof of Small's Opera House, at Walla Walla, W. T., fell in Wednesday, killing William Glasgow.

So many have been received at Walla Walla from Oregon or California in twelve days.

Mrs. Stockholder shot herself through the head in Yreka yesterday morning, on account of domestic trouble.

An oil fire near Elmira, N. Y., yesterday, caused a loss of \$100,000.

Thomas Van Vulin died in Syracuse, N. Y., Thursday, aged 104 years and 11 months.

The steamer Vint Shinkle was burned to the water's edge at Columbus, Ky., Thursday.

Several shocks of earthquake occurred in Spain yesterday, and two persons were killed by falling walls.

The Orange demonstration at Harbor Grace, N. F., yesterday, passed off without disturbance.

Two train robbers were sentenced at Little Rock, Ark., yesterday—one to seven and the other to six years in the Penitentiary.

Eleven coal-laden barges foundered off the Connecticut coast Thursday night, and were lost.

Jay Gould's income averages \$6,000,000 a year. Sleighting is good in New York city.

Joseph Francis, the famous inventor, aged 81, was badly hurt in New York by a fall on the ice at a Christmas meeting in Leicester, Eng., 2,000 septuagenarians were present.

John Barclay, aged 72, hanged himself in Salt Lake yesterday.

Mrs. Catherine E. Campbell, aged 61, was accidentally shot and killed in Stockton Thursday by John Wilson.

Natural gas is taking the place of coal as fuel in Pittsburg and vicinity.

The views of Secretary Frelinghuysen regarding the Spanish treaty are given this morning in our telegraphic columns.

The defiant manager of a bank at Laybach, Austria, killed himself yesterday when about to be arrested.

Bandits in Galicia burned a priest to death, because he had no money.

A Madrid dispatch announces that Don Carlos is in Bombay.

Ogle, a noted counterfeiter, has been arrested at Memphis, Tenn.

Fire at Minneapolis, Minn.; loss, \$200,000.

The La Barge (Ind.) Savings Bank closed its doors yesterday.

Eighty-five thousand Chinese troops, under Li Hung Chang, are massed at Peking.

The liabilities of the suspended Bohemian Land Credit Company are 23,000,000 florins.

The young readers of the RECORD-UNION will find an exceedingly interesting Christmas story in to-day's issue.

# "THE REUNITED UNION."

Two remarkable papers have just appeared, the one by George W. Cable of Louisiana, and the other by Henry Watterson of Kentucky. To the consideration of the essay by each we give some space in the same issue.

Mr. Watterson, in the "North American Review," in an article entitled "The Reunited Union," replies to Mr. Blaine's post-election speech, and with a great deal of cunning. But Mr. Watterson's answer is open to the charge of evading issues, and of misrepresenting parties. No well-informed man, who is not hidebound by partisanship, believes for a moment that Republicans desire to antagonize the people of the South, or fan the flames of prejudice and embittered feelings. Yet Mr. Watterson's essay amounts to this charge. He claims that we have for about twenty years had a Union "rather in name than spirit." And this charge is enforced (?) by the statement that in politics the North has been "sectional, insincere, senseless, selfish and exacting." The words are his, and behind them the spirit of the mere partisan is seen. We had expected something better of Mr. Watterson. A man who has had the courage to criticize his own party as he has done, should have been braver and wiser in his statement of facts. We do not for a moment believe that Mr. Watterson believes what he says in this respect. He knows better. Intimate with the Northern people, he knows better than to assert that such as are Republicans have arrayed themselves against the South in sectional insincerity and selfishness. If he knows anything of the history of the country he knows that there has been no parallel to the forbearance, forgiving spirit and toleration of the Republican citizens of the North. They have borne rebuke for their leniency, and been contented for having, when in power, refused to punish as justice would have sanctioned. Mr. Watterson next proceeds to declare that the claims of injustice to citizens at the South have been fabricated, exaggerated and made quack nostrums for feeding a depraved taste. Does he honestly believe that there has been political liberty at the South among the negro voters? Does he assume that the people will now that a Democratic President is chosen, concede that all the charges of injustice to the negro voter have been groundless, though continuing over a period of twenty years, and borne testimony to by men who are the political and intellectual peers of Mr. Watterson, and whose evidence is not even to be questioned by him, as we show in the article following this? "To Republicans," he sneers, "disloyalty in the South was limited to Democrats." Probably—and will Mr. Watterson, even among the Republican knaves and thieves who preyed upon the South, name one who was disloyal? Most of what Mr. Watterson has to say of the changed condition at the South is true, happily. "The men who led the secession movement have nearly all passed away," there is going on "a moral as well as physical revolution," "the South," very truly, "is not what it was?"

a "fresh crop of ideas has sprung up," "a new body of public men has come to the front," and we venture to hope for every Republican North and South the hope that Mr. Watterson is correct in his statement that "the North has mistaken a manly and filial sentiment in the South, for a covert and treasonable political design." There are none but those who are of such qualities as enter into the composition of sincere Republicans, who can rejoice if this be true. Mr. Watterson is disingenuous when he says that the logic of Mr. Blaine's argument "looks either to the forcible restoration of the negro to rulership in the Southern States, or the destruction of Statehood at the South and the substitution of provincial forms of government in room of it, with a military Governor, a standing army and martial law for each separate province." Mr. Blaine's post-election speech would have been better undelivered. If ever timely that was not the time, no matter how true, for the hope existed that such utterance might never become timely—but that Mr. Blaine, or the Republican party, contemplate any such scheme as Mr. Watterson suggests is so absurd as to expose the partisanship and prejudice of that writer to a degree we had not believed existed in him. What lover of free institutions, Republicans and all others, do demand is simply this and nothing more: that every citizen North and South, black or white, shall be guaranteed and protected in the full free exercise of all his rights as a citizen, untrammelled by intimidation, threat of violence, personal menace or appeals to race prejudice. Such is the root and branch of all the political concern Republicans of the North have regarding the South and its local administrations. In the exultation of victory, however, Republicans can afford to pardon much in Mr. Watterson, or any other Democratic partisan who indulges in such platitudes as these: "The Government now, for a third time in its history, survives extreme menace and peril." From what, pray? Surely not from any disloyal acts, treasonable designs, or rebellious action on the part of the law-respecting and order-loving part of the community enrolled in the Republican party.

# TRUMPET TONES FROM THE SOUTH.

Very different is the sensation indeed to turn from the partisan distortion of Mr. Watterson to the brave and manly exposition of the Southern question by Geo. W. Cable, of Louisiana, one of the most brilliant literary lights of recent years, himself a born Southern, the son and grandson of slaveholders, a man whose every inspiration has been of Southern sentiment. But here is a mind capable of shaking off the shackles of prejudice and considering the South as it is. His paper on "The Freedman's Case in Equity" appears in the January Century. It is one of the most remarkable social and political papers of the era, and should be read by every lover of free institutions in the length and breadth of the land. Nothing more clear-cut, incisive, sincere and truthful has sped from the pen on this vexed subject. We can but merely glance at the points made by Mr. Cable, leaving it to the reader to picture as vividly as he can the graceful vigor and the irresistible force of the argument, fortified as it is by irrefutable proofs, and pointing out the gentle remedy which is to cure all ills of the Southern question.

In brief, he shows that the slave was dragged to America a mere savage; slavery brought him into contact with civilization, and out of that he passed to freedom, to citizenship and into political ascendancy. His course has not been, therefore, retrogressive. An amended Constitution held him up in his newly-acquired political rights, but only as a Constitution can, for every element of material support and guidance has been wanting. The Government failing in a misguided reconstruction policy, threw the whole matter over to the Southern States. Here it is no longer a main issue, but a group of questions to be settled by each State separately. Slavery having been the cornerstone of the social structure, with freedom an antagonism between the equities of the new citizen, and social prejudices too deeply rooted to be upturned in a moment.

The laws for the freedmen were forced into the State codes, and as a result there has arisen a system of vicious evasions "unions to public and private morals and liberty—a virtual suffocation of the principles of human equity which the unwelcome decrees do little more than shadow forth." But in some districts, it is fair to say, they have received much practical acceptance. Now, what are the sentiments, asks this skilled analyst, that underlie these attitudes? Foremost is the ingrained sentiment that the negro is of necessity an alien. He came a brutish, unclean captive, but the changes to result from contact with a superior race of masters was not taken into account. The mingling of his blood with the white worked no change in the sentiment. Through all the attrition and change the old notion held fast—the old sentiment was behind. Even when endowed with freedom, a taxpayer, the educator of his own children, he was still an alien, and for returning to his home was cast into prison as a felon. But these were the acts of a sincere God-fearing people. The forefathers of this people shed their blood for the principle of man's equality and their inalienable right to life, liberty and property, but in good conscience adhered to the conviction that the negro was unalterably an alien.

That hold breeds, the whole Southern social fabric would go to wreck. To secure it, therefore, the South fell back upon "the assumption of a God-given instinct, nobler than reason, and which it was an insult to a freeman to ask him to prove on logical grounds." But this was not enough, for the alien sought freedom, and the slave caste could not be intrusted with any power that could be withheld. So the perpetual alien was made a perpetual mental, and to this hour, Cable clearly proves, the chief aim of the dominant South is to keep him a mental.

Strange as it may appear, while this was held as to his bodily service, the masters of the South flatter broke "the shameful laws that stood between their slaves and the Bible," and concerned themselves about the spiritual welfare of the alien and mental. This condition perpetuated the vice that cling to servility and dense ignorance, and so it was assumed that the

taint of negro blood was a moral disqualification. The testimony of a foreign white beggar was good in Court, but the colored man, raised among and known to the people, could not bear witness against that of the white man—the negro was "a prejudged culprit." Caste built up the idea that by birth and race "every one of us had certain broad police powers over every person of color."

The tempest of war severed all these arbitrary relations, but left every one of the sentiments on which they were rooted. The law gave the freeman the ballot. This would have crushed the alienism, but for the fact that the old ideas were all bound together; that they were held to be the essentials of self-respect. "How, then, could we meet the freeman on equal terms in the political field?" asks Mr. Cable. There followed the vote and robbery and bribery on one side, and whipping and killing on the other, in the reconstruction period.

The struggle was thus on one side how to establish Republican State Governments according the blacks the rights conceded by the rest of Christendom; and how to get back the semblance of republican government, and yet retain an arbitrary superiority of white over black as an alien, mental and dangerous class, on the other side.

"Under an experimental truth these issues of the dreadful episode of reconstruction rest to-day upon the pledge of the wiser leaders of the master class;" remove the hiring demagogue and we will see to it that the freedman is accorded a practical, complete and cordial recognition of his equality with the white man before the law."

Mr. Cable pities the weak plea of those who desire to wait until "the feelings engendered by the war pass away." The sentiments he analyzes are not "feelings engendered by the war?" but for these sentiments slavery would have perished of itself. To the ex-slave, with the patriarchal tie broken by the war, there was broken also the often tender tie of dependence and protection. Before the master the slave renounced it; ever since the former has tried to play on the old sentiment, but it is a harp without strings. The old master repulsed, turned away estranged, and justified himself in withholding the simpler protection without patronage which one American citizen owes to another, however humble.

To be a perfectly free man is still the goal of the negro of the South. He is free, but the old master retains the exclusive right to define the bounds of his freedom. Many, says Mr. Cable, suppose this is the end actually sought and desired in reconstruction, but it is folly to charge such absurdity to the best American intelligence. "The belief is all too common that the nation, having aimed at a wrong result and missed, has left us of the Southern States to get now such other result as we think best." And herein Mr. Cable has penetrated the very heart of the meat of the nut. He adds a sentence that suggests the whole remedy, and which the whole country prays and trusts may be given to the care of the sentiment and courage of "the new South."

"There is a growing number who see that the one thing we cannot afford to tolerate at large is a class of people less than citizens, and that every citizen in the land demands that the freeman be free to become in all things, as far as his own personal gifts will lift and sustain him, the same sort of American citizen he would be, if with the same intellectual and moral caliber, he were white."

Thus Mr. Cable reaches the ultimate question of fact: "Are the freedman's liberties suffering any real abridgment?" He replies in the affirmative, and that while the letter of the law recognizes him as entitled to every right of an American citizen, "there is scarcely one public relation of life in the South where he is not arbitrarily and unlawfully compelled to hold toward the white man the attitude of an alien, a mental, and a probable reprobate, by reason of his race and color."

From this point he proceeds to marshal his proofs, citing the infamous convict contract system; the marvelous disproportion of blacks sent to penal servitude; the exclusion from public conveyances by brute force of orderly colored people moving on their own account, but their welcome tolerance when serving in the capacity of menials; the narrowing of privileges in Courts; the tramping of the negro's languishing self-respect; the spurning of his ambition; the refusal to let him buy with money, or to earn by excellence of life momentary immunity from these public indignities even for his wife and daughters, and so on to the end of a chapter of wrongs. These are the facts, excludes this ex-Confederate officer, this fair-minded Southerner, this literary celebrity, this acknowledged keen observer, this lecturer among his own on many a Southern camp. "They are simply the proved avowed and defended state of affairs period of its existence," Mr. Cable adds fearlessly.

Nothing but the habit, generations old, of enduring it could make it endurable by men in actual slavery. We were whites of the South to remain every way as we are, and our 6,000,000 blacks to conform to any sort of white society their equals, man for man, in mind, morals and wealth—provided only that they were as fastidious as any sort of whites except these. There is not a scrap of evidence to present danger. These 6,000,000 freedmen are dominated by 2,000,000 whites immeasurably stronger than they, backed by the virtual consent of thirty odd millions more.

Here we must reluctantly leave this remarkable paper, and defer reference to the sunlight Mr. Cable sees through all these clouds. Let it be commended to Mr. Watterson for reply, whether Mr. Cable, the Southerner, and Mr. Blaine, the Northerner, are in conflict as to the facts, or the one is more worthy castigation by Mr. Watterson than the other. When Mr. Blaine, of Maine, asks, "Is the freedman a free man?" and Mr. Cable, of Louisiana, replies "No," what has Mr. Watterson to say?

# A LESSON OF THE STORM.

There is a lesson of the recent severe storm written upon the serried hillsides and the face of rushing waters that this people will be more than foolish to permit to pass unheeded. No one who has been ordinarily observant can have failed to notice that with each year the descending rains in the mountains come down to the valleys with greater speed and in regularly succeeding briefer spaces of time. We have not to look far for the

cause—the denudation of our upper mountain slopes. History will make permanent of record our recklessness in no distant future. Wherever a fertile plain or a luxuriant valley has been changed to a parched desert unit for man's habitation, it has been the result of human agency. Frederic William I. of Prussia called his Prime Minister to his Cabinet one day and demanded that certain sums of money be raised at once without imposing new taxation upon an already overburdened people. The Minister declared that there was but one resource—to put into market the valuable timber along the Baltic in the northeast. It was done—and to-day, from Memel southward and below Tilsit, what was once the fairest section of North Germany has been so impoverished that it is practically a desert. In the drifting sands not even the most assiduous culture can now make a tree grow. Germany was so wasteful of her forest growth that she was threatened with the destruction of her most material interests. For a hundred years she has been doing her utmost to retrieve her errors, and has expended in forest culture and schools of forestry fourfold the sum she received for the sale of her timber. It remains to be seen whether our people will learn wisdom in the face of the experience of others.

The San Francisco newspapers are unanimous just now in exclaiming against the indecency of the Hill-Sharon divorce case, and in excusing themselves for having published the disgusting details. Has it occurred to these journalists that but for their brutish rivalry and misconception of the conduct of a newspaper, the public would not have been offended by the torrent of filthy slush that flowed from the trial? But for their own acts, there would have been no need for their present spasmodic manifestations of offended decency. It is too late to begin a washing of hands.

The Sacramento County Teacher's Institute made a very courageous declaration in favor of the new text-book scheme—courages, because the State Institute, at its last session, pronounced, in a long series of resolutions, against the system. It is to be hoped that the Sacramento delegation to the State Institute, at the session to be held next week in San Francisco, will stand bravely up against the efforts we feel certain will there be made to belittle the new plan and render it ineffective.

Mr. CLEVELAND was very properly indignant, and manifested it, at receiving from an admiring Democrat a keg of rum, bound with golden hoops and labeled R. R. The man who was so short-sighted and shallow as to make such an offensive present should be drowned in the pigmy butt of liquor with which he assailed the propertied of decent life.

# THE STATE LANDS.

The Public Domain of California Still Open to Settlement.

H. I. Willey, Surveyor-General and ex officio Register of the State Land Office, in his biennial report, which he has just filed with the Governor, makes the following statements concerning the lands belonging to the State of California still open to purchase and settlement:

The estimated area of the State of California is 100,500,000 acres, apportioned as follows: Agricultural and mineral lands, surveyed, 61,857,392; unsurveyed, 20,211,501; swamp and overflowed lands, surveyed, 341,590; Indian military reservations, 31,631; lakes, islands, bays and navigable rivers, 1,531,700; swamp and overflowed lands, surveyed, 1,635,227; unsurveyed, 85,524; salt marsh and tidal lands around San Francisco bay, 160,000; around Humboldt bay, 5,000.

From August 1, 1882, to August 1, 1884, applications to purchase school lands have been received and filed for the following number of acres:

Alameda district.....	64,659.26
Alameda district.....	16,200.00
Stockton district.....	15,590.37
San Francisco district.....	4,906.64
San Francisco district.....	17,988.38
Bodie district.....	9,119.92
Marysville district.....	13,614.25
Adelphi district.....	19,677.58
Shasta district.....	33,236.36
Humboldt district.....	39,288.50
Swamp and overflowed lands.....	19,677.58
Total.....	217,853.09

From January 8, 1883, to August 1, 1884, sixteen and thirty-six sections..... 16,336.49  
Five hundred thousand acres grant..... 14,713.75  
Lien grant..... 4,107.11  
Agricultural College grant..... 1,046.02  
Total..... 36,103.37

From August 1, 1882, to January 8, 1883, 129 certificates of purchase were issued, as follows:

Sixteen and thirty-six sections.....	18,568.87
Five hundred thousand acres.....	5,236.42
Swamp and overflowed lands.....	266.02
Total.....	24,071.31

From January 8, 1883, to August 1, 1884, sixteen and thirty-six sections..... 16,336.49  
Five hundred thousand acres grant..... 14,713.75  
Lien grant..... 4,107.11  
Agricultural College grant..... 1,046.02  
Total..... 36,103.37

From August 1, 1882, to January 8, 1883, 129 certificates of purchase were issued, as follows:

Salt marsh and tidal land.....	231.26
Swamp and overflowed lands.....	2,789.20
Swamp and overflowed lands.....	2,789.20
School land.....	40,811.92
Five hundred thousand acres school land.....	8,555.43
Total.....	52,381.81

From January 8, 1883, to August 1, 1884, the following amounts of land were purchased by the State:

Salt marsh and tidal lands.....	1,535.32
Swamp and overflowed lands.....	79,344.38
Sixteen and thirty-six sections school land.....	179,049.30
Five hundred thousand acres school land.....	27,294.48
Total.....	287,155.48

The fees of the office are given as follows: Collected as Surveyor-General, from August 1, 1882, to August 1, 1884..... \$9,739.40  
Collected as Register of State Land Office, from August 1, 1882, to August 1, 1884..... 6,451.00  
Total..... \$16,190.40

# REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS.

[Filed December 23, 1884.]  
December 10, 1884—A. M. Shulte to Sanford Piper—Lot 14, block No. 14, town of Siletto; \$240.  
November 19, 1884—Josephine Martin to James Lewis—Part of the southeast quarter of section 30, township 3 north, range 3 east; \$80.  
December 20, 1884—Edwin Lowe to Victor Williams—Piece of land in Elk Grove; \$750.  
December 20, 1884—W. W. Sargent, Commissioner in the estate of Eliza A. Wely, deceased, to J. T. Day—East quarter of lot 2, 1 and 1, Sixth and Seventh streets; \$1,000.  
[Filed December 26, 1884.]  
December 24, 1884—Owen T. Davies to Friederika Davies—West half of northeast quarter of section 22, township 3 north, range 3 east; \$80.  
December 20, 1884—County of Sacramento to George Peters—Land previously disposed of to the county for road purposes; \$1,000.  
December 24, 1884—Edgar P. and Ida May Davis to Charles B. Keys—East half of section 17, township 3 north, range 3 east; \$1,000.  
December 20, 1884—John H. Carroll to Thomas Howrigan—Portion of the northwest quarter of section 22, township 3 north, range 3 east; \$10,000.  
Total value for the Utah Delegate at the November election, 1884: John T. Cairne (Mormon), 21,123; Ransford Smith (Gentile), 2,227; scattering, 26; total, 23,376.

# NEW PUBLICATIONS.

LIFE AND TIMES OF THE REV. SIDNEY SMITH. By Stuart J. Reid. Illustrated. New York: Harper Bros. San Francisco: A. L. Bancroft & Co.

Sidney Smith was a great influence upon the people of his times. He was richly endowed with talents which scholarly habits had fully developed. He was a natural wit, one of the purest water and a humorist broad but refined. He was one of the founders of the Edinburgh Review, which in the early years of its prime exercised an influence upon the men and fortunes of the day that has not often been paralleled. Yet he had but little immediate labor connected with that success, since he edited only the first number, but he retained an interest in the journal to the end of his days, and through its pages largely molded the thought of the day. In literature Sidney Smith was a brilliant and flashing light. He was one of the most trenchant of blades, and as a preacher was such a power in the pulpit as has not often been equaled. Mr. Reid's book has been drawn from family documents and the recollection of personal friends. The work is carefully, lovingly edited, but the criticisms have the facial evidence of judicial fairness.

OUTLINES OF ROMAN LAW, COMPRISING ITS HISTORICAL GROWTH AND GENERAL PRINCIPLES. By Wm. C. Morey, Ph.D. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. San Francisco: A. L. Bancroft & Co.

This is an octavo volume of 431 close pages, and intended especially for aid to students of the law and others who are inquiring into the elementary principles and history of the Roman law. It is a gratifying sign of the times that a philosophic work of this kind should be in demand, for it is certainly true that very many more readers are interested in the subject than generally supposed. The principles out of which spring forms of law, and the vitality of government and society, are here discussed, analyzed and historically classified and traced. Professor Morey in the general scope and outline of the work has followed a plan somewhat similar to that expressed in the ordinary German title, *Geschichte und Institutionen des Römischen Rechts*. But its arrangement, both in the historical and the expository parts, differs considerably from that usually followed by the German text-book writers. The author gives substantial reasons for this departure. The ability of Professor Morey is unquestioned, and his capacity for the work in hand is of the broadest character. The work on every page commends itself to the reader.

THE WAY OUT—SUGGESTIONS FOR SOCIAL REFORM. By Charles J. Bellamy. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. San Francisco: A. L. Bancroft & Co.

We have already treated of one section of this book editorially, wherein we pointed out the impracticableness of Mr. Bellamy's scheme to correct the ills in the administration of justice in this country. Other topics treated in the volume are: domesticity, happiness, property, capital and labor, distribution of wealth, overproduction, luxury, rewards of labor, industry, legislation to effect reform in the distribution of profits, eight hours of labor, inheritance of wealth, Government grants for private profit, education of the young, etc. Mr. Bellamy is a radical. He thinks upon the farther extreme of reform, but his methods of accomplishing the reforms he finds needful, are conservative, and thus the means of attaining his ends he aims at. The major portion of Mr. Bellamy's arguments are open to direct assault, because his substructures are exceedingly faulty. The chief interest of the book is that of a curious shop of theories not at all likely to be realized.

From C. S. Houghton, Sacramento, we have from the press of Lee & Shepard, Boston, the latest novel by Amanda M. Douglas, entitled "Out of the Wreck; or, Was It a Victory?" It is a thoroughly enjoyable, read, and worthy the reputation of the writer. The novel depicts a very prominent position in the field of modern fiction. 1 vol., \$1.50.

From D. Appleton & Co., New York, we have Colonel C. Chaillé Long's account and life sketches entitled "The Three Prophets," Chinese-Gordon, Mohammed Ahmed (El Hei), and Arabi Pasha. It is a thoroughly interesting book, and affords the reader an opportunity to obtain very much useful information.

"Prince Layzbum, and Other Stories," is the latest book, by Mrs. W. J. Hayes, for children. It is handsomely illustrated, and is a pleasing holiday book for little ones. The Press of Harper & Bros., New York; San Francisco, A. L. Bancroft & Co.

From Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, we have the "Atlantic Monthly" for January, with the following table of contents: "The Prophet of the Great Smoky Mountains," by C. E. Craddock; "A Canadian Folk-Song," by W. W. Campbell; "Childhood in Greek and Roman Literature," by H. E. Sneider; "The Malay in England," by R. G. W. White; "The Christ of the Snows," a Norwegian legend, by S. Weir Mitchell; "A Salem Dame-School," by Eleanor Putnam; "A Story of Assisted Fate," by F. R. Stockton; "Madame Mohl, Her Son and Her Friends," first paper, by Kathleen O'Meara; "Winter Days," extracts from the journal of Henry D. Thoreau; "A Country Gentleman," I-III, by M. O. W. Oliphant; "The Star of the East," by Harriet P. Spofford; "The New Yorker," by T. J. Arden; "The Village Drawings for Omar Khayyam's 'Rubaiyat,'" and the usual editorial and other departments.

From D. Appleton & Co., New York, we have the "Popular Science Monthly" for January, 1885. In addition to its regular departments there are leading papers on "The Christ of the Snows," by Stephen Agostic Metaphysics, by Frederic Harrison; "On Influences Determining Sex," by Professor W. K. Brooks; "On Schools and Schoolmasters," by Theodore John Tyrrell; "The Evolution of the Soul," by T. A. Fernald; "Studying German," by Professor H. M. Kennedy; "State Usurpation of Parental Functions," by Sir Aubrey Herbert; "Bloody Sweat," by L. H. Pody, M. D.; "Protective Ministry in Married Life," by Dr. W. W. Breckinridge; "Chemistry of Cookery," by W. Mattieu Williams; "Advantages of Limited Museums," by O. W. Collet; "Architecture of Town Houses," by R. W. Edis, F. S. A.

From the publishers, 30 Lafayette Place, New York, we have the "North American Review" for January, with the following papers: "Vituperation in Politics," by Bishop F. D. Huntington; "Fronde's Life of Carlyle," by Frederic Harrison; "The Reunited Union," by Henry Watterson; "William Herschel's Star Survey," by J. C. Schaefer; "The American Labor Organizations," by Richard J. Hinton; "Socrates, Buddha and Christ," by W. L. Courtney; "The Increase of Wealth," by Michael G. Mulhall; "The Evidence of the Senses," by Professor John Loeb Coe.

The Christmas number of the Chicago "Tribune" is a double one, and replete with Christmas stories, historical recitals, customs of the Christmas time, etc., besides the usual critical notes and the regular serial by Mr. Roe, which promises to be a grand success. The "Tribune" is crowded with, and wears young laurels most worthily in the journalistic march of ideas.

Scarlet fever is prevalent at Guerneville.

—OUR—  
**IMMENSE HOLIDAY STOCK**  
—COMPRISES—  
Novelties of All Sorts  
—IN—  
**DIAMOND WORK.**  
—IN—  
**GOLD AND SILVER JEWELRY!**  
—AND IN—  
**Beautiful Silverware!**  
**SAMUEL JELLY,**  
No. 422 J street, bet. Fourth and Fifth.  
WE SHALL KEEP OPEN UNTIL 10 O'CLOCK, FROM THIS DATE TO JANUARY 1, 1885.  
as-3p1m

# SOMETHING NEW!

# Yosemite Christmas Cards! California Christmas Books!

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**Houghton's Bookstore,**  
No. 615 J street, bet. Sixth and Seventh : : : [6-3p] : : Sacramento.

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**KLUNE & FLOBERG,**  
No. 428 J STREET, SACRAMENTO.  
HAVE JUST RECEIVED A FULL AND SELECT LINE OF  
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CONSISTING OF JEWELRY OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.  
A great many of the styles are entirely new and novel. All goods sold at the most reasonable prices















